When Snow Melts (Spring Comes)

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When Snow Melts (Spring Comes)

by hartfeathers

Summary

Hannibal stares out at the white horizon, everything is quiet and pristine beneath the blanket of fresh snow, the early morning sun glitters across the surface creating a sea of tiny diamonds. Objectively it's a beautiful sight but Hannibal looks upon the scene with scorn. A sudden change in weather, an out of the blue flurry of snow and all of his meticulously crafted plans have been ruined, dashed against the rocks of fate as it were. It's wholly unfair.

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Prompt - Snowed In (Chapter 1) and Marriage Proposal (Chapter 2)

Notes

This fic is a gift for @MGrahamLecter who won one of my giveaways last year.
Their prompt was a combination of the bingo squares Snowed In and Marriage Proposal.

Marie asked for:
- a romantic intimate proposal with Will's dogs present so he's surrounded by those he loves
- for Will and Hannibal to get teary eyed during the proposal, with Will lunging at Hannibal to hug and kiss him
- Will looking at his ring and Hannibal with heart eyes.
- And engagement sex, if my muse allowed.

She then trusted me with the rest, I'm very grateful for her faith in me and I hope she likes the end result.

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The title is inspired by quotes from one of my favourite anime series Fruits Basket:

"What do you think comes of snow when it melts?"
"Let's see. Spring comes."

It's symbolic of hope, believing that the sad time will end and brighter days are to come - that snow, sadness, doesn't last forever and the sun is on the other side.

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Hannibal Bingo Fill: Prompt - Snowed In

Chapter 1

Hannibal stares out at the white horizon, everything is quiet and pristine beneath the blanket of fresh snow, the early morning sun glitters across the surface creating a sea of tiny diamonds. Objectively it's a beautiful sight but Hannibal looks upon the scene with scorn. A sudden change in weather, an out of the blue flurry of snow and all of his meticulously crafted plans have been ruined, dashed against the rocks of fate as it were. It's wholly unfair.

He looks up at the clear sky, a canvas of soft orange and pale blue as the sun rises, casting swathes of golden light. He wonders if God feels powerful in this moment, if they are revelling in dropping an avalanche of snow upon him as they did in dropping a church roof on 34 of their followers. He would bet they are very much enjoying this, and despite how it has ruined his plans he can't begrudge them their fun.

The tension in his body relaxes a little as warm arms wrap around him from behind.

"Good morning, darling."

Will hums and nuzzles the space between his shoulder blades, "Mornin', cher."

Hannibal cannot help but smile at the sound of Will's sleep rough voice, he places his hands over Will's and strokes his skin, basking in his affectionate embrace - something that would have seemed impossible to him just a year ago.

"Why didn't you wake me?"

Hannibal holds Will's arms tighter to his body, "You looked so beautiful in sleep, dear Will, that I couldn't bear to disturb you."

Will's mutters are incomprehensible as they are grumbled against Hannibal’s back, muffled by his thick red sweater. Hannibal simply chuckles, although he can't hear the words he knows their meaning all the same, so many times before Will has shied away from his words of adoration and admiration. He is still not used to being showered with compliments, especially those that are so heartfelt.

Hannibal hums gently as Will leans forward to bury his nose against his neck, pressing a soft kiss to the underside of his jaw. He closes his eyes just so he can bask in the moment, in the warmth of Will's body and the gesture of his affection.

"Oh, it snowed."

He opens his eyes and once again stares out at the white bathed landscape with thinly veiled displeasure, "Yes, it did."

Will chuckles at the obviously unimpressed tone of his voice. "What's wrong with a little snow?"

Hannibal sighs softly, he can't tell Will why he's irritated by the sudden snowfall, it would ruin the surprise he has spent weeks, months, preparing. Well, he supposes it's ruined anyway but still he holds back. "Nothing, darling, it just surprised me."

Will moves to stand beside him, he considers Hannibal’s words and the truth of them, of which there is plenty, and nods. Hannibal smiles and presses a gentle kiss to Will's lips, soft, affectionate and imbued with warmth.

"Come, dear Will, I have a breakfast planned."

Will grins, "Of course you do. I bet you have the whole day planned to perfection."

Hannibal reaches up and strokes his thumb over Will's cheek, cupping his face in his palm, "It's our first Christmas together as a couple and I want to make it special."

He loves the way Will's cheeks dust pink and he lowers his eyes, suddenly unbearably shy in the face of Hannibal’s almost overwhelming devotion. He takes one of Will's hands in his and pulls him towards the kitchen.

Hannibal allows himself to completely relax into the plush sofa with Will pressed contently against his side, they are warmed by the crackling fire as they look out at the navy blue sky. Buster is sprawled out in front of the fireplace, soaking up the warmth of the flames like a sunbathing cat as he snores gently, the now senior dog exhausted from playing in the snow. Winston is curled up beside Will's feet, his tail wagging every so often in sleep, he is ever the most loyal companion never too far from Will's side. Hannibal feels a sense of comfort wrap around him, a feeling of being home, this man and his dogs are his family and he wouldn't have it any other way.

Will snuggles against him, making a small noise of contentment before settling with his head resting on Hannibal's shoulder. He slowly cards his fingers though Will's silk soft curls as he feels him gradually fall heavy with sleep.

Hannibal watches as the sky turns so dark it's almost black, the stars appear as small pinpricks of light, like fireflies. It begins snowing once more, this time it's the picturesque large flakes falling slowly and sparsely in the way you only usually see in movies. It truly is beautiful and Hannibal can't find it in himself to resent it. While it ruined his plans it also gifted him this day with Will, not at all what he planned but almost better. The completely ordinary and domestic day, one he imagines most people would think rather unremarkable and mundane, is one he will treasure. The last time he had such a wonderful Christmas was before he lost his parents and Mischa. His sister loved Christmas, she would get so excited about the gifts and sweets, the tree and tinsel. Ever since he lost them his Christmas' have been spent either alone or holding an elaborate dinner party to pander to his social circle - both just as lonely as the other.

After meeting Will he found himself imagining spending the holidays with him but they were mere fantasy for years, small dreams to keep him warm at night.

But today wasn't a dream. They spent the day lounging around in sweaters and pyjama pants, eating the exquisite food Hannibal prepared while drinking Will's very boozy eggnog. They baked cookies until the whole house smelled like chocolate and cinnamon. They watched the dogs bouncing around like deer to manoeuvre in the thick snow, having to bathe them when they came inside with clumps of it stuck to their fur. They exchanged small but meaningful gifts in front of a glittering Christmas tree that Will insisted they buy and decorate. They shared kisses beneath the many sprigs of mistletoe that Will somehow managed to put up without Hannibal noticing in almost every doorway of the house.

In short, Hannibal could not have planned a more perfect day, and he tried.

He smiles to himself and thinks of the small velvet box tucked away in a draw in his study. Today may not have gone to plan but he is nothing if not adaptable and he will not let a little snow deter him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hannibal Bingo Fill: Prompt - Marriage Proposal

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal surveys the outside world with a steadily increasing sense of relief, elation and nervousness. The deluge of snow that thwarted his perfectly planned Christmas has eroded as quickly as it appeared, leaving a thin and beautiful sheet of pristine snow covering the ground. No longer deep enough to bury the dogs the moment they step outside, now only a scant foot of snow remains. Perfect.

Hannibal can't stop himself from quietly humming the tune of his most recent composition, his mood soaring to the clouds and beyond. Today is the second most important day of his life, so far - the first being the day he met Will, of course.

He sits on the bed beside his still sleeping beloved, warm and relaxed in their shared bed, an image so exquisite it makes Hannibal's heart ache. He gently sweeps a few strays curls off Will's forehead and smiles fondly when the unruly things bounce back into place, as untamable as Will himself. He reaches for Will's hand and traces his thumb over the bare fingers, the naked digits beneath his touch send a thrill through him and he can't help but linger on the pale naked skin of Will's ring finger.

"What are you doing?"

The unexpected sound of Will's gravely voice startles him, though he suppresses the instinct to twitch in surprise. Instead he simply smiles gently and presses a light kiss to Will's knuckles, dragging his lips over those bare fingers, "Just admiring how lovely you are in slumber, my dear Will."

Will huffs and rolls his eyes, "You know it's creepy to watch me sleep, right?"

"Perhaps," Hannibal grins, "But it will not prevent me from doing so."

Will snorts, "Of course not." he leans up and kisses Hannibal chastely, "I wouldn't have you any other way."

Hannibal is helpless to do anything other than kiss him again, sliding his tongue into Will's mouth in languid, lazy strokes. He shivers at the sound of Will's low moan, the slight vibration against his mouth makes his lips tingle.

When Hannibal pulls away he looks in awe at the sight of Will, eyes still closed with a beatific smile on his face, an expression of pure, unfiltered love and contentment.

"Good morning, my darling."

Will opens his eyes and smiles wider, "Happy New Year's Eve, cher."

Hannibal stands in the kitchen, looking out the window watching the sun begin to set as he washes the dishes from dinner. He served an elegant three course meal crafted to perfection, each course calling back to a moment of their relationship.

A starter of silkie chicken broth, he made it exactly as he did for Will when he was in the hospital. Followed by Lomo Saldato, the first meal they shared that was cooked with flesh Will provided, while it was not from the pig he claimed it was, it was the first time Will actively brought long pig to their table. Finished with a dessert of Sanguinaccio Dolce, one of Hannibal's favourites and a dish he made for Will shortly after their recovery from the fall.

While each dish holds mixed emotions they all benchmark significant times in their relationship and hold important memories for them both.

Hannibal smiles as two warm hands stroke his back and then smooth around his waist to settle over his stomach, sighing contently at the soft kiss Will places against his neck.

"You should have let me wash the dishes, you cooked after all."

"I don't mind, and besides I wanted to spoil you today." Hannibal replies.

Will laughs and squeezes him, "You spoil me every day, Hannibal."

He smiles, it's true and he can't help it, now he has Will he wants to shower him with love and affection, to pour out all the devotion he has kept buried for years.

He dries his hands on a towel and turns in Will's embrace, casting him a quick smile as he kisses him. He pulls Will to him, delighting in the surprised gasp Will emits against his lips. Hannibal strokes his hand over Will's jaw and up into his curls, holding Will close as he deepens the kiss, coaxing Will's tongue from his mouth. Hannibal moans into the slow kiss and wraps his arm around Will's waist, making sure they are touching from toes to lips.

He pulls away with one last peck to Will's pink lips, he slips from the embrace but takes Will's hand in his and leads him towards the coat rack, "I have a surprise for you, darling."

Will raises his eyebrow, "What are you up to?"

Hannibal smiles coyly and hands Will his coat, "Come with me."

Will shakes his head with a fond smile and shrugs on his jacket, putting on his boots as Hannibal slides his arms into his own coat. Hannibal whistles, Winston and Buster come skittering across the floor, waiting by Hannibal's feet with frantically wagging tails. He ignores Will's enquiring stare and opens the door, the dogs bounding outside ahead of them.

As the two step outside the pale light of the rising moon makes the blanket of snow shimmer like the surface of water, an ocean of sparkling white gems that look akin to pure starlight.

Hannibal leads Will down the path until the light of their house cannot reach them, he turns to follow a trail of candles that bracket the path ahead, each encased in carefully made ice cylinders.

"Hannibal?"

He looks to Will who is staring at the glowing trail with wonder and a little confusion, but when Hannibal gently tugs his hand he walks beside him down the candle lit path.

Hannibal feels his heart flutter when Will sucks in a sharp breath when he sees the surprise ahead. The wooden gazebo, where they have spent many an evening, is decorated in strings of tiny lights and flowers. Overflowing with red, pink and white roses, popping with large red blooms of dahlias, sprigs of white myrtle and dogwood flowers spilling around them - all illuminated by the warm glow of fairy lights.

"When did you do all of this?" Will asks in wonder at the sight before him.

"I had some time this morning." Hannibal replies modestly. In truth he woke shortly after midnight and spent hours in the cold darkness carefully placing each bloom and hanging the strings of lights. He didn't return to the house until just after sunrise, luckily finding Will still sleeping. "Do you like it?"

Will lets go of Hannibal's hand and walks to the gazebo, his fingers gently touching the flower petals as he walks up the two steps onto the deck. Hannibal watches nervously, following him and waiting at the steps, Will still has his back to him and he can't read him.

"This is where we kissed for the first time." Will states.

It's a memory Hannibal treasures, he recalls the moment as if it were only yesterday. After a typical day of comfortable cohabitation they retired to the gazebo to watch the sunset with tumblers of whiskey. Will had called to him in a soft voice, shaky and uncertain, then kissed him with determination. He had pulled back quickly, shy and nervous of Hannibal's reaction, he need not have worried. Hannibal, while stunned by Will's kiss, moved quickly to draw the other man to him, whispering words of love in between more kisses. It was a night he will remember until the day he dies.

"Hannibal," Will turns to face him once more, his eyes a little glassy and full of awe. Will walks towards him, stops before him and looks down at him, love spilling from his wet looking eyes, "I love it, thank you." Hannibal nuzzles into Will's hands as they cup his face and smiles into the chaste kiss Will bestows on him, so reminiscent of their first.

Hannibal steps up into the gazebo and walks Will back into the centre of the floor, the dogs following behind them. Hannibal whistles to call their attention, Will watches him with a look of perplexity.

Hannibal simply smiles a little, then firmly says "Rapporte, Buster." The little terrier obediently fetches the single red camellia from its hiding place and returns, sitting at their feet. Hannibal kneels and takes the flower, "Bon chien."

From his kneeling position he offers up the camellia to Will who is grinning down at him, clearly surprised and amused. "You taught my dogs French?"

"Juste un peu, darling." Hannibal smiles as Will takes the flower, bringing it to his nose to smell the delicate scent.

"What flower is this?" Will asks as he admires the red bloom.

"It's a camellia. They have a special meaning in China, they represent everlasting love even in death. The base of the flower and the petals don't separate, even when they fall, they are regarded as a pair of lovers." Hannibal explains, gazing up at his beloved, thinking of the moment they fell into the ocean, never once separating as they were engulfed by the water.

"Hannibal." Will whispers his name softly, looking at him with tenderness, obviously remembering that night too.

They simply look at each for several moments, lost to the rapturous memory of the night that changed their lives.

Hannibal turns his gaze to Winson who is waiting patiently, knowing Hannibal is about to call on him, as they have rehearsed many times.

"Winson, rapporte." Hannibal feels excitement and apprehension stir as Winson happily trots to him with the small gift bag between his teeth. The brindle dog sits beside him, his fluffy tail wagging as Hannibal takes the bag and praises him, "Bon chien."

Hannibal makes eye contact with Will, looking into those deep ocean blue eyes, his heart pounding in his chest is making him feel slightly giddy and light headed. He takes a slow, calming breath and reaches into the bag.

Will gasps, the world seems to both stop and spin on its head all at once, his whole life turning on its axis. He looks down at Hannibal holding a small black box in his hand and suddenly him being on one knee before him takes on a completely different meaning. It feels hard to breathe around the sudden lump in his throat, any words he may have been able to conjure are lodged beneath his chin.

The warmth of Hannibal's fingers curling around his own grounds him once more, captured by his honey amber eyes as they look up at him with undeniable adoration.

"Will. In the years we have known each other we have experienced so much together, we have changed each other in ways we never planned or predicted. All my life I have felt alone in this world, until I met you. We have been through pain, separation, betrayal and forgiveness - we have caused each other great agony and immeasurable joy. To be here with you now, I wouldn't change a single moment of it. These past years have been more than I could have ever dared wish for, these months spent intimately are more than I could have dreamed. I never knew I could feel happiness like this. I know now that I would not survive our separation and I want to be with you for every second of forever. You are the most important person in the world to me. You are the love of my life."

The entire universe ceases to exist for Will as Hannibal opens the box to reveal a beautiful silver ring on a bed of black silk. Two engraved lines wrap around the metal and converge at the centre, joining together at the gemstone heart of the ring. Two separate lines coming together as one as they meet the deep red stone that sparkles in the clear moonlight, the edges shimmering faintly purple in a way that is beautiful and mesmerising.

"Will Graham, will you marry me?"

For a moment there is only silence as Will stares at the man before him, this incredible man who for some reason looks at Will and sees someone worth knowing, worth loving, even after everything. Will never believed he would ever find someone who would understand him and love him even half as much as Hannibal does, and now he has him he is never letting him go.

"Yes." he whispers.

"Yes?" Hannibal asks, an edge of desperation in his voice.

Will grins, tears of happiness spill from his eyes, "Yes!" he exclaims as he throws himself at Hannibal, launching into the man's arms needing to embrace him, to hold him close. "Yes, yes, yes." he kisses the word to Hannibal's cheeks and lips, Will's joy overflowing and as he laughs breathlessly, the wind chilling his tear damp face. He cups Hannibal's face and looks him in the eye, those whiskey eyes swim with unshed tears, "Yes, Hannibal Lecter, I will marry you."

Will watches as tears fall from Hannibal's eyes as they swell with a happiness so bright it almost blinds him, unparalleled joy rolling off Hannibal in waves. Will cannot help but kiss him, he laughs into Hannibal's mouth as he tastes the honey sweet elation on his tongue. He pulls back and leans his forehead against Hannibal's, his cheeks aching with the force of his smile, he has never felt euphoria like this, even the blissful ecstasy of that night on the cliff doesn't compare.

"Will?" Hannibal's soft inquiry draws his attention, the older man is still holding the box in his hand, "May I?"

In answer Will raises his left hand, lightly splaying his fingers. As he takes the ring from its silk bed Will sees a glimpse of writing. He gently grabs Hannibal's hand, moving it so the soft glow of the fairy lights illuminates the words. Will reads the cursive inscription inlaid on the inside of the ring, words that will sit against his skin for the rest of his life: *Our stars will always be the same*.

"Cher." he whispers, his voice thick with emotion and his eyes sting with tears once more.

Hannibal strokes his cheek tenderly, "You once told me that when we were apart you looked up to the night sky. Orion above the horizon and, near it, Jupiter. You wondered if I could see it too, if our stars were the same."

Will huffs a soft, disbelieving laugh as Hannibal echoes his words back to him, words he said to him almost a lifetime ago.

Hannibal slowly slides the ring on to his left ring finger, into its rightful place where it will stay from now until forever. As Hannibal holds his hand, both of them staring down at the silver band wrapped around his finger, a feeling of contentment radiates within him, it feels so right to have Hannibal's ring sitting on his finger. It feels like a connection, a reassurance, a tether.

"Now, when you look up at the stars you'll never have to wonder if I see them too because I will be standing right beside you, for the rest of our lives." Hannibal brings Will's hand to him and places a gentle kiss over the ring, his lips touching cool silver and warm skin.

Will can't help the tears that flow down his cheeks as love swells within him, his devotion to this man is ever growing and endless, it knows no bounds. He kneels on the snow dusted deck, his knees growing slowly damp, staring at Hannibal who moves to lean back on his elbows beneath him, his back surely getting cold and wet, beaming up at him. His honey eyes shining gold under the lights twinkling above them, his tears of happiness shining like diamonds on his cheeks. Will can't believe he has been so lucky to have met and be loved by this man.

He slowly stands and holds out his hand to Hannibal, who takes it and allows himself to be pulled from the floor, brushing snow from his trousers as he rises. Will tenderly swipes his fingers across Hannibal's cool cheeks, brushing away his tears.

Will threads his fingers through Hannibal's, rubbing his thumb over his knuckles, "Let's go home before we freeze."

Hannibal chuckles, "Of course, darling."

They walk down the steps and Will whistles for the dogs to follow. "Oh, wait a moment." he lets go of Hannibal's hand and goes back to the gazebo. He picks up the single camellia from where it had fallen from his fingers in shock, then he plucks one of each flower from garland decorating the structure. With his bouquet in hand he walks back to Hannibal, he grabs his hand and starts walking back to the house.

Once through the door they go through the familiar routine of hanging up their coats, toeing off their shoes and towelling off the dogs. As Hannibal finishes drying Buster's paws Will fills a crystal vase with water and carefully arranges his bouquet, placing it pride of place in the middle of their intimate dining table.

He admires the red, pink and white blooms as he rubs at the ring on his finger. He lifts his hand so he can admire the band, stunning shining silver and those two engraved lines that conjoin at the red gemstone heart. It is so beautifully perfect, his eyes faintly sting with tears of joy, enamoured with the piece of jewellery that marks him as Hannibal's.

He startles a little as Hannibal's fingers entwine with his own, the older man presses against his back as they both look at the ring on his finger. Their joined fingers tracing the ring sitting snugly against his skin. Will can't wait to see a matching ring on Hannibal's hand.

He turns in Hannibal's arms and looks up at him, he strokes over his shoulders and wraps his arms around Hannibal's neck. He feels the warm weight of Hannibal's hands against his

waist, the small breadth of space between their lips becomes hot and damp with their breath. The moment feels unspeakably intimate.

Will leans in and brushes his lips over Hannibal's, a butterfly caress, nudging his nose gently. Will flicks his tongue against Hannibal's slightly parted mouth, tasting his lips. He threads his fingers into the soft hair at the nape of Hannibal's neck and captures his lips in a soft yet passionate kiss, humming when Hannibal tilts his head to deepen it, their tongues entangling in hot, slick slides. Will breaks their kiss and pants heavily, their air between them becoming charged with slow burning desire.

Without words, there is no need for them, Will takes Hannibal's hand and leads him to their bedroom. Their eyes remain connected as they make their way through the house, never once bearing to look away from each other.

Once they reach the bedroom they slowly begin undressing each other, unhurriedly peeling back the layers of clothes between them. Will caresses Hannibal's firm chest, carding his fingers through the soft, grey hair there. He shivers as Hannibal pulls his shirt down his arms, letting it fall to the floor. They both stand half naked in the silver light of the moon that shines through the window, stroking and kissing patches of exposed skin as lust slowly burns between them.

When they make it to the bed they are completely naked, bare and entwined, their hot skin against cool silk sheets. Will trembles where he lays beneath Hannibal, the older man leans over him, pressing kisses to his throat, laying between his spread legs and stroking his thigh.

Will tilts back his head, surrendering himself to Hannibal, his hands wander over Hannibal's shoulders and up into his ashen hair. Will feels split open and vulnerable in the best way, all of his tender parts on show and exposed. And as Hannibal lavishes his chest with kitten licks and kisses he can feel his vulnerability too, all of those emotions he keeps carefully in check now spill over and seep from his skin. Their bedroom fills with the beautiful roiling sea of their love and passion.

Will feels tears fill his eyes as with each tender kiss, with each gentle stroke of his hand, he can feel Hannibal's love for him soak into his body. It leaves a blazing trail of stars across his skin, entire small universes of devotion and adoration being burned into his flesh until he sparkles with an entire galaxy of constellations.

He sighs and arches his back, tears spilling from his eyes and sliding into his hair, as he feels Hannibal slip a slick finger inside him. He holds Hannibal's head to his chest as the man sucks bruises into his skin. Will moans quietly as Hannibal's fingers slowly thrust into him, gradually relaxing and stretching him. He can feel the desire swirling between them like a palpable force, it smoulders in the air around them, love and lust heady in the atmosphere.

Will gazes into Hannibal's blazing amber eyes as the older man leans over him, gasping as Hannibal pulls his fingers out and rubs the wet head of his cock against his hole. Will tilts his head up to rub his nose against Hannibal's and strokes the strong arms that bracket him. His mouth falls open in pleasure as Hannibal slowly slides into him, he feels each delicious inch of Hannibal's cock enter him, delicately gliding over his prostate. He whines softly when

Hannibal fills him completely, he adores the feeling of Hannibal's cock seated deep inside him.

He pulls Hannibal into a kiss, trying to pour his love and devotion into the other man, pushing it into his mouth with his tongue so the sweet, tart taste of it flows down Hannibal's throat. He can feel Hannibal's love clawing at him, pawing against his ribs as if it wants to crawl beneath them and wrap around his heart. The feeling of their love reaching out for each other, both of them trying to convey their feelings almost desperately - Will feels overwhelmed by it. Never before has he felt like this, felt so smothered by love that it makes his very soul ache.

He feels tears flow down the sides of his face. He opens his eyes as Hannibal's lips leave his, his breath stutters as he sees tears swimming in Hannibal's eyes too, they overflow and fall. They splash against Will's cheeks, rolling and merging with his own tears before pooling on the sheets below him. Will closes his eyes as Hannibal tenderly licks his face, tracing over the wet tear tracks, collecting those combined jewels of happiness on his tongue. Hannibal then kisses him again and Will can taste the slight clear salt of their tears.

Will rolls his hips and moans at the feeling, he pulls at Hannibal's shoulders until Hannibal finally begins to move. He thrusts slowly, pulling out until just the head of his cock remains inside Will and then pushing back in an inch at a time.

Will throws his head back as the glacial pace sets a slow building fire alight in his blood.

"Will, look at me, darling." Hannibal's voice is rough and low, and Will can't help but obey the plea.

He looks up at the man moving over him, bringing him such sweet building pleasure, showering him in worshipful adoration, and knows that this is always where they were supposed to be. They were always meant to be here, together, and he wouldn't want any other life, there is no world more perfect than this.

"I love you, Hannibal." he whispers, the words dripping with the love that bubbles up from his lungs and spills over his tongue.

Hannibal smiles in a way that Will has only ever seen in those intimate moments between them, a secret smile meant only for him. "I love you, Will."

Will can feel Hannibal's all encompassing obsessive love wrapping around him like vines, and he welcomes them.

He can feel ecstasy building, the heightened emotions pushing him closer to climax as Hannibal continues to rock into him. He moans and urges Hannibal to move faster, growing almost desperate for the pleasure that spirals in his gut. He whispers pleas against Hannibal open mouth, flicking his tongue against his lips as he begs for the pleasure only Hannibal can give him.

Hannibal trembles and groans above him, his face contorting with pleasure, his eyes glowing with passion and hunger. Will has never seen anything so enthralling. He whines and leans up

into a kiss as he feels his pleasure crest, it washes over him in great waves as his cum splashes over his skin.

He sobs into Hannibal's mouth as the man continues to thrust into him, pushing his orgasm into bittersweet overstimulation. Just before it tips over into too much Hannibal moans against his lips and Will feels the warmth of Hannibal's cum inside him. He whines at the feeling, he loves being full of Hannibal in this way, feeling marked by him.

As the pleasure slowly fizzles in his blood, Will relaxes against the bed, Hannibal traces his lips over his jaw and nuzzles into his neck. He can feel Hannibal's hot breath against his skin as he strokes though his sweat damp hair.

Will makes a small sound of displeasure as Hannibal's softening cock slips from him, followed by a trickle of cum, he always hates the empty feeling after Hannibal pulls out.

He gently pulls at Hannibal until the man lies on the bed beside him, pressed together with their hands entangling in the space between their chests. They stare at each other in silence as their love lingers softly in the air between them, the warm weight of it and the sound of the other breathing lulls them into sleep.

Will shifts and blinks his eyes open, he finds himself laying facing the window, the curtains still open from the night before. He smiles as he feels Hannibal pressed against his back, an arm slung over his waist to keep him close. He shuffles back to bury himself further into Hannibal's warm embrace.

He gazes out the window as the sky begins to lighten, the soft golden light of the sun illuminating the blue sky. The glint of his ring catches his attention and he gazes at it lovingly, it almost feels like a dream if not for the very real ring on his finger.

He watches as the gemstone slowly changes from deep red to a beautiful sea green, sparkling blue at the edges when he moves his finger.

"It's called Alexandrite."

Will jumps at the sudden sound of Hannibal's voice, he lightly slaps the arm around him, loving the feel of Hannibal's chest rumbling with his chuckle.

Hannibal threads their fingers together and moves their joined hands so the now blue-green stone glitters in the sunlight.

"It's often described as 'emerald by day, ruby by night'. Alexandrite is a very rare colour-change variety of the mineral chrysoberyl. It changes from blue-green in sunlight to red-purple at night." Hannibal explains.

Will looks at the gem, he remembers the deep red hue it was last night and how it now shines ocean green. Blood and the sea - so symbolic of the night they were reborn into this life they have together. It is perfect for them.

"It's beautiful." Will turns to face Hannibal and kisses him, soft and close mouthed, a simple touch of affection.

Hannibal smiles at him as he rests against the pillows once more, he presses a kiss to the ring and then holds their joined hands against his heart.

As the early morning golden sunlight begins to fill the room Hannibal whispers, "Happy New Year, my beloved fiancé."

Chapter End Notes

Proposal flowers

Single Red Camelia - red camellias symbolise love, passion and desire. Camellias are also regarded highly in both China and Japan. Native to China, camellias even have a special meaning in the country – they represent everlasting love even in death. This is due to the base of the flower and the petals not separating even when they fall, which is not commonly seen when flowers fall. The base of the flower and the petals are regarded as a couple of lovers. Hence, by gifting red camellias to your partner while proposing, not only are you promising a future together, you're also promising them that not even death do the two of you part.

Red, pink and white roses, Myrtle flowers, Dogwood flowers and Red Dahlias.

Red Roses - True love, desire, beauty
Pink Roses - Desire, love, passion, trust
White Roses - Eternal love, reverence

Combination of red and white roses - Unity
Combination of red and pink roses - I love you still and I always will

Red Dahlias - Eternal love, commitment and forever yours

Myrtle flowers - Hope and love in marriage

Dogwood flowers - Our love will overcome adversity

Rapport - Fetch
Bon chien - Good dog
Juste un peu - Just a little

These translations are from Google search/translate so I apologise if they aren't correct.

You can find pictures of the flowers and ring here on twitter - https://twitter.com/hartfeathers/status/1631776691088392192?t=WMjboEWDS2HHnyTV0VrrZQ&s=19

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